

## Rainy Day Activities by User\_name\_330

**Series:** [How Billy and Steve should have met \[3\]](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Fluff, Fluff and Smut, M/M, Slice of Life, femme steve

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2018-04-23

**Updated:** 2018-04-23

**Packaged:** 2022-04-22 04:40:55

**Rating:** Mature

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,941

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Billy watches Steve put on his makeup.

## Rainy Day Activities

### Author's Note:

Hello!

Something short and sweet for you from the Harringove universe.

Peace out Angels!

To say the weather was gloomy was an understatement. It was fucking miserable. Thick sheets of cold rain pelted the window, the wind making it fall in every direction. The thought of it made Billy shiver. He was more than happy to spend the November Saturday lazing about.

The Smiths played softly along side the sound of the weather outside. Billy thought the music was shit. But the pretty brunette sitting on his bedroom floor disagreed. For once Billy found he wasn't in the mood to argue. Besides, whatever his princess wanted, his princess got.

Billy laid back on his bed with one hand resting behind his head the other pinching the cigarette between his lips. He wore only a pair of low slung jeans, his bare foot absently twitching to the beat of the music. There was no need to bother with clothes or styling his hair today, letting the blonde curls fall wild around his face. But he was the only one who felt this way.

Billy watched Steve who sat in front of his full length mirror tracing the outline of his eyes. Steve liked Saturdays because that meant he had a whole day to play dress up. It didn't matter that they were staying in today, he never missed an opportunity to look pretty. Pausing, he tilted his head to examine the rusty orange color of his eyelids ("Nancy said this color looks best on an autumn, am I an autumn?" He had asked at the store. "How the fuck would I know?" Billy snorted shoving the eyeshadow in his pocket before Steve could protest).

Steve wore one of the few sweaters Billy owned. Susan bought it for him before the move. It was an ugly pea green color and itchy as

fuck, but the way it hung from Steve's slimmer frame sent a possessive wave through Billy. Like wearing something with his scent of cigarettes and cheap cologne marked the brunette as his. Which was hotter than anything else. Well almost; because unlike Billy, the other boy wasn't wearing pants. The silky black string bikini peeked from under the hideous sweater. The way it slid against Steve's creamy pale skin made Billy's cock stir. He squeezed himself appreciatively as his boyfriend rubbed blush along his cheekbones.

Luckily Steve left the long chestnut colored wig off. Turns out the thing was a real pain in the ass, always in the way or getting messed up which would send Steve into a panicked fit. Once Billy made the mistake of roughly grabbing it while Steve blew him in the back row of the movie theater. He got so mad he dumped the nearly full bag of popcorn on Billy. He swore his junk smelled like butter for the rest of the night. It was funny...eventual. Besides, Steve looked better without it. Even now, instead of his hair perfectly quaffed and hairsprayed within an inch of its life like it was at school, his soft brown locks were relaxed with a slight wave to them. Steve had even clipped his bangs back to better access his face. 'So fuckin' beautiful.' Billy thought, watching his boyfriend put the finishing touches on his makeup.

Billy glanced over at his alarm clock. It was still early afternoon. Neil was away for the weekend at a conference and Susan took Max for an mommy and me day. They had the house to themselves for a few more hours. "Hey." A soft voice brought his attention back across the room. Steve was looking at him through the mirror. A coy smile on his lips as his eyes drifted to Billy's hand still palming the front of his jeans. "You got something for me?"

A wicked grin spread across Billy's face. He licked his lips, "Yeah. C'mere." Billy stabbed out the cigarette and settled back on the bed as Steve crawled up his body to straddle the blonde's legs.

"What were you thinking about?" Steve asked, rolling his hips to feel the friction against Billy's bulging jeans.

Billy matched the movement. A low groan escaped his lips as his cock pressed hard against the zipper of his jeans. It took everything he had not to whip Steve back and thrust into him raw. No, today he wanted

to savor this. "I was thinking about how much I love this sweater." Tugging at the hem, he pushed the garment up Steve's body.

The brunette snorted, grabbing the hem as well. Rather than pull it completely off however, he pulled it up enough to expose his chest and hooked the itchy material under his chin. His pink nipples were already hard and so inviting that Billy had to sit up and capture one between his lips. "Yeah, right." Steve shuttered at a tongue lapped against the nub.

Billy rolled his tongue, giving Steve a soft tease before biting down on the nipple. "You're right," His breathe ghosted over the wet skin. "Sorry princess, but not even you can make this monstrosity look good." Steve smacked his arm but huffed out a laugh. Billy slid his fingers down the milky white skin of Steve's ribs before resting on his hips.

"This however," fingers hooking into the string of bikini style panties. "This is so fuckin' sexy." The elastic material snapped back against Steve's skin making him yelp. The black panties did nothing to hide the other boy's hard-on, the tip of his cock poking out the top. Billy lick his lips again, "stand up, baby."

It was awkward at first, Steve's trembling legs looked a colt standing for the first time. But he eventually found balance with Billy help by holding his hips. The blonde pressed wet, open mouth kiss along his boyfriend's erection. He licked and sucked until the silk material was soaked. Next Billy tongued the exposed cock head before taking the top of the panties between his teeth and pulling the garment down far enough for release his lover's cock. Steve let out a low moan, grabbing Billy's head to support himself.

Billy took all of Steve in mouth. His tongue worked along the underside and swirled around the tip. Hooking his thumbs into the elastic waistband of the sting bikini, Billy pulled them the rest of the way down and helped Steve step out of them.

Unable to hold himself up any longer, Steve plopped back down into the blondes lap. They kissed deeply, tongues sliding together. "I want to ride your cock." He breathed into the blondes month. Nipping at his bottom lip, Steve swallowed the other boy's moans of agreement.

It was a struggle to keep Steve in position and lean over, but Billy was able to do so while grabbing the lube and a condom. Popping the cap open and coating two fingers, he reached for Steve. The brunette shifted to make more room when the cool digits rubbed his rim. A single finger pushed in and Steve sighed into the intrusion.

Billy fingered Steve slowly, working in first one finger than two. The speed was too slow for Steve however. He rocked back on Billy's hand. "Fuck baby." Billy groaned into Steve's neck. "Look at you, fucking yourself on my fingers." He punctuated each word with a kiss to his boyfriend's neck and shoulder.

"You're so damn wet, Steve. Can't wait to have you on my dick. Wanna fuck you 'til you cum all over yourself. You want that, baby?"

Billy slipped a third finger, scissoring them open.

Steve dove down hard. "Yes," he moaned. Slim clumsy fingers worked on Billy's zipper, releasing his aching cock. The brunette reached for it when a sound from somewhere in the house made him freeze. "Wait, did you hear that?"

"Hey, asshole!" Max's voice boomed just outside the bedroom door, luckily Billy was paranoid enough to keep it shut. There was a scramble to untangle from one another. Billy shoved Steve up the bed where he buried himself in the sheets.

Billy jumped off the bed, catching the door as his step-sister pushed it open. The wood hit his knee with a hard thud but that wasn't what made Billy wince. There was no denying what was going on in the bedroom just by looking at him. Hair and eyes wild, pink lipgloss smeared across his face, and the pillow he held precariously over his crotch. "Forget how to knock, shithead?" It was meant to sound more menacing, but his voice creaked with nerves. If Max pushed the door a little farther, if she heard them, if Neil found out. Billy's chest ached with how hard his heart was pounding. 'We're dead, so fucking dead.'

Max wrinkled her nose at the sight of her step-brother. "Gross! Mom,

Billy has a girl over!” She yelled over her shoulder. Billy’s stomach dropped and he gripped the door hard enough to rip it from the frame. ‘Shitshitshit.’

Susan appeared next to her daughter. Her eyes shift from Billy to the makeup bag on the bedroom floor to the discarded black panties. Her face pinked a bit as she started pulling her daughter away. “On second thought, honey, let’s eat out for lunch.” Max started to protect but let herself be lead back out of the house.

“We’ll be back in a hour. And Billy,” the woman caught Billy’s gaze with knowing eyes before focusing on her daughter. “There’s no need to tell your father about this.” She said to more to Max. As if to say ‘this is our little secret.’ Billy hated the idea of being indebted to his step-mother, almost as much as he hated his bitch of a sister having something to hold over his head. But it was better than Neil. Even if it was really a girl in his bed, Billy would still get the shit beat out of him for bring some whore home.

Billy knew when to pick his battles. And Susan was smiling sweetly at him as if to say not to worry. “Thanks, Susan.” He mumbled as the mother and daughter exited the house. With the sound of he family minivan leaving, Billy shut the door again and turned back to the bed. Steve was still huddled under the blankets, the whole pile trembling. “Shit, princess. Hey, it’s okay. They’re gone.”

Billy pulled the sheets back. Steve’s doe-eyes were ridiculously wide. “That was way too fucking close.” He exhaled running his fingers through his own messy hair.

“I know.” Billy pulled the brunette closer, hugging him into his chest. “We’ll be more careful next time.” Next time, he thought. His erection had deflated after Max stormed in. But at least they would have a next time.

“Yeah.” Steve sighed, his warm breath tickling Billy’s skin. They held each other for a moment, each sending out a silent prayer of thanks for not being caught and hope for keeping it that way. Billy used the pad of his thumb to draw circles over his boyfriend’s shoulder. Steve brushed kisses along Billy’s jaw. “I guess I should go home.” He finally said crawling off the bed.

Steve dug through his duffel bag, pulling out his jeans and regular briefs. Billy groaned at the sight of them. Steve in men's clothes always meant the end of their fun. "Don't worry, babe." The brunette grabbed the string bikini panties and flicked them at Billy. "You can keep these to remember me by."

The blonde laughed but tucked the silk garment under his pillow when Steve wasn't looking. "C'mon pretty boy, I'll drive you home." He pulled Steve in for a long kiss goodbye. Just until next time, he promised himself.